

EASTER BEAUTIES

Sketched from... life... yesterday.....



WHAT A CYNIC SAW ON EASTER.

Much of Vanity in the Fifth Avenue Parade, Leavened with the Beauty of Women.

Our death is as when the mother calls her child at evening, saying, "It is time to go to bed." Don't be afraid. It is time to rest with God, That is all.

Peter, mindful of the great history of his people, called death his exodus.

Much we have to thank God for here, but do not let the thought of death bring you an atom of dismay. We are moored here like ships. God calls us to a wider sea.

It is the hope of all ages, all peoples. Life is forever born of death, and in the vastness of that great home that lies beyond, life will not for one moment find itself lost. — WM. S. RAINSFORD

It being Easter Sunday, the holiest of holy days, nearly 100,000 men and women, most of them old enough to vote, went out upon Fifth avenue in the sunshine and for two mortal hours gazed upon one another's charms. The French have a delightful verb in "Se paonner"—"To peacock one's self" is the nearest English equivalent—but, unfortunately, this cannot be told in French.

Some of these hundred thousand beings had gone to church to listen, with more or less devoutness, to the solos and choruses. Most of them, however, had come out for no other reason than to uphold that enlightened custom of wearing new Spring clothes on Easter Sunday. And while cannon thundered in Europe, and people starved in India, and homeless families suffered within a day's ride, this sartorial pageant swept slowly and sublimely from Madison square to Central Park and back again—and this three times.

All Was Vanity. From a philosophic standpoint—well, "It was to laugh!" In the light of a vanity among vanities, however, it was extremely interesting. Those who took part in it may be pleased to know that it was a bigger and a brighter parade than has celebrated Easter Day for many years. And then there were these details to be observed:

There were many of the 400 in the parade. The most fashionable set has hitherto pooh-poohed this display, and drawn its blinds to hide it from sight. Yet, whether it was the heavenly weather or a change of mind, out they came yesterday, and marched with the clerks and the shop-girls. And, unless you were an expert in the matter of dress goods, you could hardly have noticed which was which.

Then, oh! the beautiful women! If excuse were wanting for the vanity of it all this display of beauty would afford it. Had you stood upon the corner and gazed upon the stream of pretty faces that flowed by you would have been willing to proclaim boldly:

"No other city has such beautiful women as these!"

A Stream of Beauty. Two distinct types were sharply defined—Gentiles and Jews, and of the latter there were many. Beyond that the only way of classifying the girls would have been to put each pretty face in a class by itself.

In the main you saw nothing but a succession of black and blue and gray eyes, of gleaming teeth and radiant smiles and hair that shone in the sunshine—a stream of softness and sweetness.

Then there were the dudes. Ye duds! who went out to learn what was "the thing" and what was not "the thing," how bewildered you must have been! Truly, everything must be "the thing" this year. Judging from the clothes worn by those men who looked as if they could afford good clothes, "the thing" is considerably mixed up. Behold a few samples:

Black cutaway coat, yellow waistcoat, light trousers, tan shoes, derby hat.

Black cutaway coat, white waistcoat, checkerboard trousers, silk hat.

Black frock coat, horse blanket waistcoat, pink shirt, deer hat.

Blue sack coat, horse blanket vest, white puff scarf, white Alpine coat.

And so on, ad inf. Upon the whole the only thing that seemed clearly to be "the thing" was the horse blanket vest. This differed in pattern from the various shades of yellow striped with black to the gaudy of reds crossed with dark green.

Not Edifying. Then the conversation! This Easter Day conversation is very edifying. If you stand on the lower steps of any house you can get your fill of it in five minutes. Here are some verbatim extracts:

"Such weather!"

"Did you ever see anything so vulgar?"

"What fools these people are!"

"We had lovely music in our church."

"A pale green chiton, trimmed with white."

Conversing thus learnedly and gazing in bland contentment at itself this procession of humanity peacocks itself along until it grows hungry. Then it thinks out and within an hour it vanishes, and if you are a philosopher—you wonder about it.

JOYOUS EASTER IN FLATBUSH.

Elaborate Floral Embellishment in All the Churches, and a Great Display of Easter Headgear.

Flatbush churches celebrated Easter with special musical services and a general display of Spring headgear and dresses on the part of the feminine portion of the membership. At all the churches the floral decoration was on an elaborate style, set pieces and cut flowers intermingling the grouping of ascension lilies and palms and ferns in jardiniere.

At the Reformed Dutch Church, at the corner of Flatbush and Church avenues, the quartet was augmented by a chorus of fourteen voices and a stringed and brass band. The Carl Venth string orchestra contributed the principal music.

The service at Grace Reformed Chapel, corner of Flatbush avenue and Grant street, was of an elaborate nature in the evening. The special feature of the music was the contralto solo "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" rendered by Miss R. M. Jones.

The Lenox Road Methodist Church had a special musical service at both the morning and evening service. At the Fenimore Methodist Church, at the corner of Fenimore street and Rogers avenue, the entire evening service was given up to the singing of Easter hymns and Sunday school recitations. The Sunday school children were in attendance in a body.

MAYOR STRONG AT ST. THOMAS'S

More Than a Thousand Unable to Gain Admission to the Fashionable Church.

The Easter services at St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, Fifty-third street and Fifth avenue, yesterday were perhaps more largely attended than at any time during the history of this fashionable congregation. In the morning the doors were opened at 9:45 o'clock, and an hour later they were closed to all except pew-holders, and even then probably more than a thousand persons were unable to gain admission.

St. Thomas's is one of the largest churches in the city, but half an hour before the services began the broad aisles were packed, and during the progress of the services many women were overcome by the atmosphere, which, despite all efforts, became oppressive after a time.

The floral decorations of the church were magnificent, as is customary on Easter Day. Ascension lilies predominated, but hydrangeas, marguerites, orchids and green plants were prominent.

The choir, which was one of the finest in the city, was led by the choir master, Mr. J. H. Morgan.

The congregation was distinctly fashionable, and many persons prominent in the social and political life of New York were seen among the worshippers. Noticeable among them was Mayor William L. Strong, accompanied by his wife and his son, Bradley Strong. Others included Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wales, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. H. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Berwind, Mr. and Mrs. S. Fisher Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. William Storrs Wells.

The services were largely choral, the musical programme being under the direction of George William Warren, assisted by Walter C. Gale, an organist, and Alfred K. Toulman, as harpist.

The quartet was composed of Madame Marie Gramin, soprano; Miss Emily Wicant, contralto; William Dennison, tenor and Dr. Carl Martin, bassist. The services began with the processional, followed by Kyrie Eleison, Gloria Tini and Nicene Creed, then with hymn 112, "Jesus Christ is Risen Today." The pastor of the parish, the Rev. John W. Brown, D.D., delivered his sermon, which was a masterly effort in entire accord with his reputation as one of the most eloquent pulp orators of the present day.

BAPTIZED IN SING SING.

There was an Easter service of song and praise in the Protestant Chapel of Sing Sing Prison, of which the Rev. J. C. S. Wells is chaplain, yesterday morning.

After the regular service a special service was held, at which 110 of the convicts partook of the holy communion and five were baptized.

GLIMPSES OF A NEW LIFE.

Like Ships We Yearn for Wider Seas.

When the morning service began at St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant square, not a dozen more persons could have found standing room. Fully a hundred were turned away, and the sidewalk along the west side of Stuyvesant Park was crowded with curious folk, who hid in the sunshine watching the Easter bonnets.

All the nave of the church was bright with flowers. Roses of white and red, and numberless carnations gleamed amid the snail-like carnations of lilies, and before the chancel were towering clusters of lilies. The pastor, Dr. Hainsford, chose as his text, the tenth verse of the first chapter of Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy: "Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality and light through the gospel."

"These gatherings all over the world," he said, "have for their object something more than the justification of a Christian instinct. All religions demand a life that shall be complimentary to the life we lead here."

"At the docks of the city we see two classes of vessels, one intended for the shallows of the harbor, the other, great and strong, to breast the ocean. We are like these vessels. There is within us a yearning for wider seas. The value of this world is that in it we catch the spirit of another. Our best work is done in the hope and belief of an immortal life."

"Men will tell you that what works best is what is true. Relief in immortality is a good thing to work for. It is an unworthy thing to ask you, just because it is Easter, to work yourselves up to an ecstasy of belief. No! We should speak the words of sobriety and truth. Find something that seems to be true, and test other things by it. If they fall in with your promise, believe that you have found great truth."

"There are two deaths. When death is quick it is not difficult to believe that there is a life beyond. But the death which is like the sunset, a fading from brightness and glory to a cheerless gray is that which discourages. Thus we see mind and soul, and honor die in those we care for. We mourn death less for what it takes away than what it leaves behind. But though God in His mercy calls upon us to contemplate constantly the tragedy of wasted life, yet I am comforted. 'Thou fool,' says Paul; 'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.'"

KNELT ON THE PAVEMENT.

St. Francis Xavier's Church Could Not Hold All the Devout Worshippers.

Easter services in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, on Sixteenth street, were exceptionally impressive. The magnificent house of worship was filled with not only the leading members of the parish but additional seats, which had been arranged for the accommodation of visitors, were occupied early in the morning. The back of the church contained many worshippers who were obliged to stand up. At the lower entrance a hundred devout Catholics were clustered. When the bell rang for mass they knelt down on the pavement and joined in the services.

On the interior of the church were magnificent floral decorations mounting up from the chancel steps to the altar, which was decorated with lilies, palms and wreaths of flowers hung from pillar to pillar and filled the whole edifice with fragrance.

The massive pipe organ pealed its impressive music, mingling with the clear notes of the organ and the low cadence of the stringed instruments, which blended with the hymns of the solemn high masses and filled the air with its echoes and grandeur. The sermon was delivered by Rev. William O'Rourke, who preached on the resurrection and its significance. He told how, from the beginning of civilization, the Church had preserved the earliest history of Catholicism, and had remained unchanged through centuries and clung to the doctrines of its faith. He gave it as his belief and as the belief of all Jesuits that it reflected the eternal teachings and the Christianity of Christ.

The congregation contained most of the leading members of the parish, among which were seen Mrs. Frederic and Miss Belle Wilson, Mrs. Charles Delrichs, Mrs. George Bliss, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Thebaud, Mrs. Le Brun and the Misses Preston. Services began at 11 and concluded at 1 o'clock.

SOCIETY IN SPRING ATTIRE.

Fashionable Communicants of the Ascension Hear "The Proof of Immortality."

The Church of the Ascension, at Fifth avenue and Tenth street, was packed to the doors at the Easter service yesterday morning. The temporary seats, with which the aisles and vacant spaces were filled were all occupied, and a score or more of people peered in through each of the three doorways during the progress of the service.

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SANG HYMNS AT SUNRISE.

Moravian Worship in Old New Dorp.

As the sun rose yesterday morning the Moravians of the old Dutch town of New Dorp, S. I., welcomed it by a service of great beauty.

In the gray light that preceded the actual sunrise, and while mist lay over the fields, the congregation of men and women and children began to gather at the church.



In the pews, in new Spring attire, sat the fashionable communicants of the church, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Goodridge and Miss Goodridge, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. George Langdon, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Biddle and Miss Biddle, Miss Sybil Kane, Miss Sarah Livingston, Miss Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Pell, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler L. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Smith, the Misses Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Teller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Teller, Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffer Teller and Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Teller.

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that stands in the mid- of the old Moravian story.

On the edge of the water appeared a glowing disk. Slowly it became a great red globe that threw its golden light against the magnificent Vanderbilt mansions on the hill top and then over the many grave-stones below. The bell in the little square cupola rang sweetly from a distant fort came the echoing peal of the morning gun.

"The Lord is risen," said the pastor. "The Lord is risen indeed," responded the people. For a portion of the service the congregation followed the pastor into the church; then soon again came out again into the graveyard.

The beautiful litany of the church was read, and then followed a hymn. Out among the trees and headstones again went the congregation, solemnly following as their pastor led. He paused at a spot where two paths intersected at right angles and stood until on these paths the people formed in the lines of the Greek cross. The pastor read the story of the resurrection, prayed, and the congregation sang.

